

# Long Live The King

By  
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Before the open fire Olga Loschek sat in her low chair. She wore still her dark dress; and a veil, ready to be donned at the summons of a message from Karl, trailed across her knee. In the firelight she looked very young— young and weary. Karl, who had come hardened to a scene, found her appealing, almost pathetic.

She rose at his entrance and, after a moment of surprise, smiled faintly. But she said nothing, nor did Karl, until he had lifted one of her cold hands, and brushed it with his lips.

"Well!" he said. "And again, Olga!"

"Once again," she looked up at him. Yes, he was changed. The old Karl would have taken her in his arms. This new Karl was urbane, smiling, uneasy.

"There is nothing wrong, is there?" he said. "Your note alarmed me. Not the note, but your coming here."

"I was anxious. And there were things I felt you should know."

"What things?"

"The truth about the king's condition, for one. He is dying. The bullet in his head is no better."

"So!" said Karl uneasily. "But the chancellor assured me—"

He stopped. It was not yet time to speak of the chancellor's visit.

"The chancellor! He lies, of course. How bad things are you may judge when I tell you that a hidden passage from the palace has been opened and cleared, ready for instant flight."

It was Karl's turn to be startled. He rose, and stood staring down at her. "Are you certain of that?"

"Certain!" She laughed bitterly. "The terrorists—revolutionists, they call themselves—are everywhere. They know everything, see everything. Mettlich's agents are disappearing one by one. No one knows where, but all suspect. Student meetings are prohibited. The yearly procession of veterans is forbidden, for they trust none, even their old soldiers. The council meets after day in secret session."

"But the army—"

"They do not trust the army."

Karl's face was grave. Something of the trouble in Livonia he had known. But this argued an immediate crisis.

"On the king's death," the countess said, "a republic will be declared. The republic of Livonia! The crown prince will never reign."

"So you came today to tell me this?"

She glanced up, and catching his eyes, colored faintly. "These are things you should know."

He knew her very well. A jealous woman would go far. He knew now that she was jealous. When he spoke it was with calculating brutality. "You mean, in view of my impending marriage?"

So it was arranged! Finally arranged. Well, she had done her best. He knew the truth. She had told it fairly. If, knowing it, he persisted, it would be because her power over him was dead at last.

"Yes, I do not know how far your arrangements have gone. You have at least been warned."

But she saw, by the very way he drew himself up and smiled, that he understood. More than that, he doubted her. He questioned what she had said. The very fact that she had told him only the truth added to her resentment.

"You will see," she said sullenly. Because he thought he already saw, and because she had given him a bad moment, Karl chose to be deliberately cruel. "Perhaps!" he said. "But you leave out of this discussion the one element that I consider important, Hedwig herself. If the Princess Hedwig were tomorrow to be without a country, I should still hope to marry her."

She had done well up to now, had kept her courage and her temper, had taken her cue from him and been quiet and poised. But more than his words, his cruel voice, silky with friendship, drove her to the breaking point.

Bitterly, and with reckless passion, she flung at him Hedwig's infatuation for young Larisch, and prophesied his dishonor as a result of it.

In the end she grew quiet and sat looking into the fire with eyes full of stony despair. She had tried and failed. There was one way left, only one, and even that would not bring him back to her. Let Hedwig escape and marry Nikky Larisch—still where was she? Let the terrorists strike their blow and steal the crown prince. Again—where was she?

Her emotions were deadened, all save one, and that was her hatred of Hedwig. The humiliation of that moment was due to her. Somehow, some day, she would be even with Hedwig. Karl left her there at last huddled in her chair, left full of resentment, the ashes of his old love cold and gray.

There was little reminder of the girl of the mountains in the stony-eyed woman he had left sagged low by the fire.

Once out in the open air, the king



Karl Left Her There at Last.

of Karlina drew a long breath. The affair was over. It had been unpleasant. It was always unpleasant to break with a woman. But it was time. He neither loved her nor needed her. Friendly relations between the two countries were established, and soon, very soon, would be ratified by his marriage.

It was not of Olga Loschek, but of Hedwig that he thought, as his car climbed swiftly to the lodge.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### The Crown Prince's Pilgrimage.

The day when Olga Loschek should have returned to the city found her too ill to travel. No feigned sickness this, but real enough, a matter of fever and burning eyes, and of mutterings in troubled sleep.

Minna was alarmed. She was fond of her mistress, in spite of her occasional cruelties, and lately the countess had been strangely gentle. She required little attention, wished to be alone, and lay in her great bed, looking out steadily at the bleak mountain tops, to which spring never climbed.

"She eats nothing," Minna said despairingly to the caretaker. "And her eyes frighten me. They are always open, even in the night, but they seem to see nothing."

On the day when she should have returned, the countess roused herself enough to send for Black Humbert, freighting in the kitchen below. He had believed that she was malingering until he saw her, but her flushed and hollow cheeks showed her condition.

"You must return and explain," she said. "I shall need more time, after all."

When he hesitated, she added: "There are plenty to watch that I do not escape. I could not, if I would. I have not the strength."

"If madame wishes, I can take a letter."

She pondered over that, interlacing her fingers nervously as she reflected. "I will send no letter," she decided, "but I will give you a message, which you can deliver."

"Yes, madame."

"Say to the committee that I have reflected and that I will do what they ask. As far, as far as lies in my power, I can only try."

"That is all the committee expects," he said civilly, and with a relief that was not lost on her. "With madame's intelligence, to try is to succeed."

Nevertheless, he left her well guarded. Even Minna, slipping off for an evening hour with a village sweetheart, was stealthily shadowed. Before this, fine ladies had changed garments with their maids and escaped from divers unpleasantnesses.

At the end of two days the countess was able to be up. She moved languidly about her room, still too weak to plan.

And on the fourth day came the crown prince of Livonia on a pilgrimage.

The manner of his coming was this: There are more ways than one of reaching the hearts of an uneasy people. Remission of taxes is a bad one. It argues a mistake in the past, in exacting such tithes. Governments may make errors, but must not acknowledge them. There is the freeing of political prisoners, but that, too, is dangerous, when such prisoners breathe sedition to the very prison walls.

And there is the appeal to sentiment. The government, pinning all its hopes to one small boy, would further endear him to the people. Willy statesman that he was, the chancellor had hit on this to offset the rumors of Hedwig's marriage.

"A pilgrimage!" said the king, when the matter was broached to him. "For what? My recovery? Cannot you let your servant depart in peace?"

"Pilgrimages," observed the chancellor, "have had marvelous results, sire. I do not insist that they perform miracles, as some believe,"—he smiled faintly—"but as a matter of public feeling and a remedy for discord, they are sometimes efficacious."

"I see," said the king. And lay still, looking at the ceiling.

"Can it be done safely?" he asked at last.

"The maddest traitor would not threaten the crown prince on a pilgrimage. The people would tear him limb from limb."

"Nevertheless, I should take all pre-

cautions," said the king. "A madman might not recognize the religious nature of the affair."

The same day the chancellor visited Prince Ferdinand William Otto, and found him returned from his drive and busy over Hedwig's photograph frame. "It is almost done," he said. "I slipped over in one or two places, but it is not very noticeable, is it?"

The chancellor observed it judicially, and decided that the slipping over was not noticeable at all.

"Otto," said the chancellor gravely, "I want to talk to you very seriously about something I would like you to do. For your grandfather."

"I'll do anything for him, sir."

"We know that. This is the point. He has been ill for a long time. Very ill."

The boy watched him with a troubled face. "He looks very thin," he said. "I get quite worried when I see him."

"Exactly. You have heard of Etzel?"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto's religious instruction was of the best. He had, indeed, heard of Etzel. He knew the famous pilgrimages in order, and could say them rapidly, beginning, the year of Our Lord 915—the Emperor Otto and Adelheid, his spouse; the year of Our Lord 1100, Ulrich, Count of Rubeurg; and so on.

"When people are ill," he said sagely, "they go to Etzel to be cured."

"Precisely. But when they cannot go they send some one else, to pray for them. And sometimes, if they have faith enough, the holy miracle happens and they are cured."

The chancellor was deeply religious, and although he had planned the pilgrimage for political reasons, for the moment, he lost sight of them. What if, after all, this clear-eyed, clean-hearted child could bring this miracle of the king's recovery? It was a famous shrine, and stranger things had been brought about by less worthy agencies.

"I thought," he said, "that if you would go to Etzel, Otto, and there pray for your grandfather's recovery, it—it would be a good thing."

The meaning of such a pilgrimage dawned suddenly on the boy. His eyes filled, and because he considered it unmanly to weep, he slid from his chair and went to the window.

"I'm afraid he's going to die," he said, in a smothered voice.

The chancellor followed him to the window, and put an arm around his shoulders. "Even that would not be so terrible, Otto," he said. "Death,

no magnificent vestments. The archbishop accompanied them, and a flag-bearer.

They went on foot to the railway station through lines of kneeling people, the boy still rapt, and looking straight ahead, the chancellor seemingly also absorbed, but keenly alive to the crowds. As he went on, his face relaxed. It was as if the miracle had already happened. Not the miracle for which the boy would pray, but a greater one. Surely these kneeling people, gazing with moist and kindly eyes at the crown prince, could not, at the hot words of demagogues, turn into the mob he feared. But it had happened before. The people who had, one moment, adored the Dauphin of France on his balcony at Versailles, had lived to scream for his life.

The countess, standing on her balcony and staring down into the valley, beheld the pilgrimage and had thus her first knowledge of it. She was incredulous at first, and stood gazing, gripping the stone railing with tense hands. She watched, horror-stricken. The crown prince, himself, came to Etzel to pray! For his grandfather, of course. Then, indeed, must things be bad with the king, as bad as they could be.

The church doors closed behind them.

Olga Loschek fell on her knees. She was shaking from head to foot. "And because the religious training of her early life near the shrine had given her faith in miracles, she prayed for one. Rather, she made a bargain with God:

If any word came to her from Karl, any, no matter to what it pertained, she would take it for a sign, and attempt flight. If she was captured, she would kill herself.

But, if no word came from Karl by the hour of her departure the next morning, then she would do the thing she had set out to do, and let him beware! The king dead, there would be no king. Only over the dead bodies of the Livonians would they let him marry Hedwig and the throne. It would be war.

## REAL CAUSE FOR SHAME



"Young De Swift says he is ashamed of the way his father made his money."

"Instead of that he ought to be ashamed of the way he spends it."

## BOLIVIA'S CITY OF SILENCE

Santa Cruz De La Sierra Far From the Outside World—Mail Reaches New York in Two Months.

"The only tropical city of Bolivia it stands from 1,500 feet above sea level so far from the outside world that mail deposited on January 7 reached New York on March 11. Of the 10,000 inhabitants of Santa Cruz De La Sierra, 11,000 are female, writes Harry A. Franck in the Century.

"It is a city of silence. Spreading over a dead-flat, half-sandy, jungled plain, its right-angled streets are deep in reddish sand in which not only its shod feet, by no means in the majority, though the upper class is almost foppish in dress, but even the solid wooden wheels of its clumsy ox carts made not a sound. There is no modern industry to lend its strident voice, though the town boasts three 'stream establishments' for the making of ice, the grinding of maize and the sawing of lumber, and every street fades away at either end into the whispering jungle. Narrow sidewalks of porous red bricks, roofed by the wide overhanging eaves of the houses, often upheld by pillars or poles, line most of the streets. But these are by no means continuous, and being commonly high above the street level and often taken up entirely, especially of an evening, by the families, who consider this their veranda rather than the pedestrian's right of way, the latter generally finds it easier to plod through the sand of the street itself.

## Ship of the Desert.

Because of its peculiar swaying motion in walking, the camel has been called the "ship of the desert." This title may also have some reference to the extreme stupidity and passivity of the animal, says Popular Science Monthly, which submits to great loads, which it will often carry for days at a time without stopping for food or drink, with no more urging than a ship would require from the hands of its pilot.

The manner in which the drivers hobble the camels when they stop for a rest is interesting. They do not depend upon stakes driven in the deep, yielding sand, but simply double back the one end of the forelegs of the animal, so that it can lie down or rise up, but cannot move from the spot.

## ITALIAN ESCAPES HUN PRISON CAMP

Tells of Flight Across Carpathians Into Russia.

## CAPTIVES ARE OFTEN BEATEN

Death of Old Emperor Brought Somewhat More Humane Treatment—Men Forced to Witness Torture of Brothers in Arms—Prisoners Refusing to Work Are Beaten by Guards—Food Scarce and Poor in Quality.

In the little hamlet of Saliceta San Giuliano, province of Emilia, Italy, lives a shoemaker, Luigi Ghittonia. He has four sons in the army. Two are now at the front and two were captured by the Austrians.

One evening recently the door was burst open roughly, and the shoemaker cried out in alarm: "Who is there?"

"It is I, Eduardo, your son. I have escaped from Austria."

The little home was thrown topsy-turvy, and the good news flew round the town. What a gathering there was of friends and relatives.

Eduardo bore traces of his hardships in captivity. He is thirty. He fought in Libya. Early in the campaign of 1915 he was captured and for 31 months remained a prisoner of the Austrians. He was at Mathausen until September, 1916.

"Starved and Beaten."

"The food scanty," he said, "and of the poorest quality; the beatings with rods frequent and without pity. We were even forced to assist in torturing our comrades. This cruelty was abolished, however, after the death of Francis Joseph.

"We were forced to witness this horrible punishment. Behind us stood Austrian soldiers with loaded rifles ready to shoot us down if we moved a finger."

In September, 1916, he was sent with other prisoners to Dommarvater, in the Carpathians.

"We were divided into squads of 250," he continued, "and assigned to cut down trees. Our treatment did not improve and the work was made harder every day. Blows were struck if anyone refused to work or let up for any reason. I received a full share with the rest.

"Only one thing bore us up, and that was the hope of escape. We were able to get some Austrian uniforms and accumulate supplies. We awaited our opportunity.

"Two of our companies became impatient, and leaped over the stockade last January. They were shot down by the sentinels.

"Escape Into Russia."

"Eight of us resolved to get away. We were divided into two squads. A few days later the first alarm was raised, so we concluded that their getaway had been successful.

"A week later the second squad leaped over the stockade and made for the mountains. We came to a railway station. A train was about to start for the Russian border. We climbed on board. A Hungarian trainman looked at us suspiciously. Then he got drowsy. The train covered 55 kilometers and stopped. We got off. Two by two we took different ways to escape the notice of the sentinels.

"We asked the way to the Russian border with the utmost caution. For five days we dragged ourselves along, half starved. We passed through six barbed wire entanglements.

"At last we came upon a military post. It was the first Russian outpost. We advanced, but there was no sentinel to challenge us. We knocked and a door was opened. Within were several soldiers and a single officer. We raised our arms and shouted: 'We are Italians, escaped prisoners.'

"We were received as friends. The Russians completed our joy by reuniting us with the four companions who had escaped a week before us. We were enabled through the assistance of the French military mission to get back to Italy."

"STEALS RED CROSS BOX

St. Louis Thief Is Champion Slackers of Country.

A prosperous looking young man walked into a saloon in St. Louis and bought a glass of beer.

"Gimme some cigarettes," he said. He strolled over to the cigar counter, held a cigarette over the lighter, inhaled deeply and walked out.

A minute later Edward Rosenkranz, proprietor, discovered the man had taken the Red Cross contribution box which was on the cigar counter.

"He's the worst slacker in St. Louis," Rosenkranz said. The box contained \$3.00.

SOLDIERS DENIED KISSES

Found That Smacks Interfere With Meals of Troops.

Soldiers passing through Scranton, Pa., will not longer be kissed by local girls. Mayor Connell, a bachelor, has put a stop to the practice. The mayor says that, while personally he sees no harm in having the girls kiss the soldiers, including one from the Red Cross and on this account has desired to prevent further osculations at the station. The Red Cross workers said the kissing interfered with their task of feeding the soldiers.

KEEPSAKE GOES FOR BONDS

Oklahoma Man Gives Up Gold Piece He Has Carried for Thirty-Seven Years.

Tulsa, Okla.—"I have carried this gold piece with me for thirty-seven years, and I have resisted hunger and temptation to spend it, and have always kept it as a treasure. However, Uncle Sam needs it now, and I willingly let it go so it will help to bring victory to the American arms."

This was the statement of W. H. Martin of this city as he deposited a \$10 gold piece at the post office window and asked for some baby bonds.

## TREAT CAPTIVE GERMANS KINDLY

French Generous to Prisoners Despite Brutal Course of Enemy.

## ARE GLAD TO BE OUT OF IT

Sight of Long American Columns Destroys Hun Hopes of Victory—Live Like Happy Family in Prison Camp.

With the American Forces in France, France knows that her prisoners in Germany are treated badly, but German prisoners are treated humanely and even generously in French prisons just the same, writes Don Martin in the New York Herald. I asked an officer in charge of a French prison camp why this is, and he shrugged his shoulders and said merely:

"Ah!"

Unless one could see the gesture accompanying the monosyllable he would hardly know what meaning to attach to it. It really meant:

"Oh, what's the use of being brutal to individuals just because some one else is? We wish we could, but we can't."

I have inspected several prisons, some large and some small, and in every one I have found the Germans treated quite as well as civil prisoners in normal times and in many instances better. Officers are not humiliated in any way. In fact they receive better treatment, a stranger would think, than they are really entitled to.

Prisoners Live Happily.

On a low hill about 1,000 feet from a main road of France stands a prison—five low wooden buildings surrounded by two barbed wire fences, with armed pickets always patrolling outside. Here are 200 Germans, many of them prisoners taken in the early battle of the Somme, but some taken more recently. They are all privates and constitute as happy a family as one could find where personal liberty is the one thing desired and denied.

The Germans stood at their barbed fences hours at a time and watched the endless line of soldiers. When it was the blue of France that was moving past the Germans were not particularly interested. They had seen that for years. They know France always has had an endless line of everything needed for war. But when they saw the khaki of America filing or rolling by for a whole day and then for another, and heard the muddy shuffle of feet through the night, there was a change in the dull expression of those German eyes. It was at this time that I went to the prison to learn what they thought of what they had seen. First it should be stated that these prisoners see little of recent developments in the war. They must form their opinions from such fragments of conversation as they hear from their keepers and from what they see, as, for instance, from the long, long line of Americans, the first they had seen.

In this particular prison the newcomers had brought the news situation up to early spring, but as for the big offensive the prisoners knew only that there probably would be one.

Americans Surprise Germans.

When I asked if there was a German among the two hundred who could speak English, a good looking young man, with a typical Teutonic mustache, red cheeks, a glow of health, was called out. He stepped into my presence like an automaton, clicked his heels together and saluted the French captain. He told me he was a private; that he has a home in Lucerne, Switzerland; that he fought eight months, but was never wounded; that he is in the whole sale dry goods business in Berlin, and that he does business with John Wana-maker, Marshall Field and Stern Brothers.

"What do you think of all the Americans you have seen passing here recently?" I asked him.

"I have seen many Americans," he said. "I was surprised that you have so many in France."

Another prisoner, less prepossessing in appearance than the first, was asked about things in general. He spoke English poorly.

"I live in Berlin and work in a bank, but was in the war for two years. When the war is over I am going to Switzerland to live. I would go to America, but they don't like Germans over there any more."

"Why are you going to leave Germany?"

For an answer there was a shrug of shoulders and a half scowl, half smile. "Are you satisfied here?"

"It's a lot better than being in a grave where a lot of them are."